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THE BLACKMAILER

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A Comedy In Three Acts.

154
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Time--The Present.

Length Of Time--Two Weeks.

Place--Dallas, Texas.

Number Of Characters--Twelve.

Characters:-

Judge Benjamin Bethel.

Doctor Samuel Smallwood.

Reverend David Devine.

Mrs. Benjamin Bethel.

Mrs. Samuel Smallwood.

Mrs. David Devine.

Pat Gully--The Detective.

William McManus--Ranch-man.

Elizabeth Brown--The Blackmailer.

The Kid.

Stenographer.

Office Boy.

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THE BLACKMAILER.

Act I.

Judge Benjamin Bethel's law office to right of stage. Door to right of law office; door to rear, opening into room where his stenographer sits. "Private" on outside of door to right. Chair near lawyer's desk. Doctor Samuel Smallwood's office to left of stage; wall between the two offices. Door to left of doctor's office; door to rear of Doctor's office opening into where the office girl stays. "Private" on outside of door to left. Chair near doctor's desk.

Interior of Judge Bethel's office; door to rear slightly open; Judge Bethel seated at desk opening mail. He tosses some letters to one side, as of no moment. He places some in a pile to be answered. He takes up a small square letter from the unopened pile; frowns as he looks at it; jerks the envelope open.)

Judge Bethel:- (While reading letter speaks angrily)

"Damn!"-

(Door to rear opens, Mrs. Samuel Smallwood enters)

Mrs. Smallwood:- (coming in; is excited)

"Good morning, Judge Bethel."

Judge Bethel:- (turns; sees her; hurriedly pushes the letter he has been reading under some loose papers on his desk; jumps up; his face clears of the frown)

"Why, good morning, Mrs. Smallwood, you are out early!
How is the Doctor?"

(He gets her a chair; she sits in it near him)

Mrs. Smallwood:-

"I don't know, and I don't care. I haven't seen him since yesterday, and I never want to see him again!"

(she tosses her head; looks angry)

Judge Bethel:- (shows great astonishment)

"Why, what is the matter?"

Mrs. Smallwood:- (takes a telegram from hand bag; speaks viciously)

"Matter enough!--Read that!"

(she rears back in her chair; looks very angry)

Judge Bethel:- (takes telegram; reads aloud)

"Doctor Samuel Smallwood:-

send money immediately. Little Sammie needs new suit.

Answer.

Bessie."

(He looks astonished)

"What does it mean?"

Mrs. Smallwood:- (jerks her head determinedly)

"A divorce, and the custody of my little girl-----

'Little Sammie' indeed!"

Judge Bethel:-

"What does the Doctor say? Does he admit the inference in this telegram?"

Mrs. Smallwood:- (angrily)

"He admits nothing-the wretch!--says I had no business to open his telegrams!-- that I am a jealous, suspicious woman!--Even dares me to prove anything by a 'simple telegram'--(she mimics him with great scorn) Says it could be from a friendly patient, or a creditor!-- Friendly patient! She's friendly alright-the hussy!--and (she pounds the desk) before I am through with him; I'll be his creditor. I'll sue him--I'll sue him for everything in the world--I'll sue him for a divorce! I'll sue him for Nellie May!--I'll sue him for our home!! I'll sue him for all the other property--I'll even sue him for his

golf sticks---then he can take Bessie and 'Little Sammie' and get him a new suit every day if he can!!

(She grows very much excited; takes her handkerchief and dabbles her eyes)

Judge Bethel:- (Gravely)

"There may be some explanation to this-(shakes telegram)- It's dreadful to break up a happy home."

Mrs. Smallwood:- (stiffly)

"Explanation!!---(she rabs telegram from him; waves it before his eyes) This Bessie wires for money to buy new suits for 'Little Sammie!!---(She rises looks and speaks very venomously) She'll get a suit alright, and Doctor Smallwood will get more than he bargained for! This Bessie creature telegraphing him for money, and new suits for little Sammie!--Little Sammie!-- Judge Bethel, I want you to file suit against the wretches at once."

Judge Bethel:- (looks rave)

"Where is this Bessie, and who is she any way?"

Mrs. Smallwood:-

"I don't know. If I did; there wouldn't be any Bessie, nor any little Sammie either very long--I'd--I'd--(she grits her teeth; holds her hands like outstretched claws, and looks very vicious)

Judge Bethel:-

"Well, we will have to locate this Bessie-first, and then if you are determined to bring suit for divorce, I will take your case, but ~~if~~ I would advise careful consideration before you take such a radical step, there may be some extenuating circumstances."

Mrs. Smallwood:- (rising-speaks grimly)

"Little Sammie is circumstance enough for me!--I'll find that Bessie creature, I'll get a detective, do you know of a good one?"

Judge Bethel:- (takes a newspaper from his desk; turns it over; finds an article in it; folds paper so as to show the article; hands to her)

"Here is a piece of fine work done by "Detective Gully", that I noticed this morning--You might try him. I hear he is considered the best."

Mrs. Smallwood:- (takes paper; reads article, writes address on paper from her bag; hands newspaper back to him, he puts it on desk)

"Thank you, Judge, I will go and see him, and I'll be back for you to file suit as soon as I locate that vile woman, and little Sammie." (exits door to right)

Judge Bethel:- (gets up, walks around room; hands in his pockets; looks serious)

"Gee! Isn't she vicious!--Poor Devil!-- Poor Smallwood! Ye Gods! I wonder if all wives are like that?--(he walks slowly to his desk-sits in his chair-reaches slowly for the letter, that he had pushed under the other papers when Mrs. Smallwood entered; takes it out; reads it, frowning dreadfully as he does so; then he takes larger envelope from pile-opens it-looks admiringly at photograph enclosed-turns it over-reads-looks sheepish; the telephone on his desk rings; he jumps up; pushes letter and photograph back under papers; takes up the receiver; newspaper drops to floor)

"Yes, this is Bethel. What! Are you here!--In this town? (he acts excited)-- What did you come here for?--Yes-(sullenly) I got your letter, but do you think I am made of money-What's that!--

Going to take the child to my wife!!!-I'll break your infernal neck!!
What's that?-- Meet you at--what hotel?--All right---(sullenly) No
feeling for the child?--just cut that out, will you--if it wasn't
for him, you would have been a back number long ago---Yes, I got
his picture--he's a fine looking boy--think he looks like me?--
(his tone changes to a kindlier one) Yes, I'm coming, but I will
have to go by the bank first."

(he pulls down the roll top of his desk; it fails to fasten and
lock, as it catches on some of the letters, which he fails to notice;
he steps to the rear door, opens it and speaks to his stenographer.)

"Miss Cameron, I have to go to the Court House for an
hour, if any one comes in, have them wait if you can."

(takes his hat from the rack, and exits through door to right)

Interior of Doctor's office to left of stage.

Dr. Samuel Smallwood:- (opens rear door; Mrs. David Devine slightly
behind him; he motions her in)

"Walk right in, Mrs. Devine, I am sorry that I kept you
waiting, but I am not feeling very well myself today, and got behind
with my calls--(Mrs Devine comes in, followed by the Doctor. She has
on a heavy veil, which she throws back as she takes a chair. He sits
at his desk) Now what's wrong with you?"

Mrs. Devine:- (trembles; looks miserable; then begins to weep)

"Doctor, I am awfully sick. I think I am going to die!"

Dr. Smallwood:- (kindly)

"Tut!Tut! not a bit of it--Let's see your tongue.

(she sticks out her tongue; continues to cry) Your tongue looks
clean- (he feels her pulse; counts it with his watch) Have you any
pain?"

Mrs. Devine:-(presses her hand to her heart)

"Here, but I am sick all over; I can't sleep; I can't eat---I am going to-d-d-e!"

(she shakes with her sobs)

Doctor Smallwood:- (gets thermometer from his pocket; sticks it in her mouth-takes her temperature)

"You haven't any temperature." (he looks non-plussed)

"What has upset you so?--(she continues to weep; he speaks very kindly) Does Mr. Devine know of your condition?"

Mrs. Devine:- (still weeping)

"N-o."

Dr. Smallwood:- (soothingly)

"Now try to compose yourself-see if you can't tell me what seems to be the trouble. Are any of the children ill?"

Mrs. Devine:- (weeps more wildly)

"N-o-but--I--wish-they were-all-d-d-d-ead too!"

Dr. Smallwood:- (shocked tones)

"Madam!-- Are you crazy!!"

Mrs. Devine:- (weeping)

"N-a-no, but he's cr-cr-cr-crazy--he has been getting letters from a woman and drawing cheques payable to bearer to buy things for a little Davie-- and my little Davie ain't that little Davie!!!!-(she grows convulsed; Dr. Smallwood gets up and looks at her wildly)

Dr. Smallwood:-

"Madam, you certainly need treatment. Try to compose yourself and explain."

Mrs. Devine:- (still weeping; gets a piece of a letter from her hand bag; hands to the Doctor)

"Can you give me medicine for this?"

Doctor Smallwood:- (reads aloud)

"I have waited a week--I must have some more money to pay the doctor's bills for our little Davie, who has been very sick with diphtheria. I have been on my feet night and day for three weeks, and he needs new shoes to go to school. If I do not get the money at once, I will be compelled to writ to your___"
(he looks at her in consternation)

"Where did you get this?"

Mrs. Devine:-

"I was cleaning up his study, and found that piece of a letter-(she points to it)- in the leaves of his last Sunday's sermon; the text was:- 'Be ye perfect, as your father in Heaven was perfect' (she collapses again with weeping) and I heard him telephoning this morning to some one, who wanted to see him--I am sure that I heard him use a horrible word--he said something about Hell fire and damnation, but he might have been rehearsing his sermon."

Dr. Smallwood:- (in astonishment)

"Is it possible!"

Mrs. Devine:-

"Then I went through his desk, but didn't find the rest of the letter-that's typewritten, you see, but I found a lot of old stubs to his cheques---there are any number of the marked payable to bearer-----Who is bearer? It must be the mother of that little Davie--I know they are (pointing to piece of letter in his hands)the mother of my little Davie didn't get those cheques!!-(she collapses



again) And I haven't had but one new hat this year, and my little Davie's shoes are all scratched up, and my little girl's hair ribbons have all been washed---and they---they---none of them, have a bracelet to their name-----the-the-Presiding Elder's little girl has-a g-g-gold necklace, and two----b-b-braclets!------(woops despairingly)

Dr. Smallwood:- (pours some medicine into a glass, while trying to hide a laugh)

"Drink this Mrs. Devine; try and quiet yourself, this may not be so bad after all."

(she drinks the medicine, while he is writing a prescription)

Mrs. Devine:-

"Doctor, I want to find out who the 'bearer' on those cheques is."

Dr. Smallwood:-

"You will have to get a detective for that job; that's not in my line, besides-(aside) I've got troubles of my own. Now get this filled (he hands her the prescription) and take according to directions, and take my advice about this matter-(he hands her the piece of letter) forget this; your husband is a preacher and it can't be so-(he turns aside to hide a grin) you have seven children--so forget it."

Mrs. Devine:- (puts piece of letter and prescription in her hand-bag, wipes her eyes; rises)

"Thank you, Doctor, where did you say I could find a good detective?" -(woops)

Dr. Smallwood:- (throws up his hands)

"Oh, women, women!!--(then changing his tone to a life-

less one) Pat Gully is said to be an expert. There is a lot about him in this morning's paper."

Mrs. Devine:- (still weeping, turns to door to left)

"Doctor, please don't mention this-for-for-the Presiding Elder's wife would be sure and tell it at the next prayer meeting---she would tell the Bishop's wife about there being two little D-D-Davies!!! (she goes out the door to left crying bitterly)

Dr. Smallwood:- (leans back in his chair; looks after her)

"The Colonel's lady, and Judy O'Grady, are sisters under the skin."

(door to rear opens; David Devine-the preacher enters)

"Why, hello, Parson, come in! Do you need a pill pusher too?"

David Devine:- (comes solemnly in; carefully shuts the door after him; takes the chair that his wife has just left)

"Doctor, I am not feeling very well; I think I need some kind of a tonic, maybe."

Dr. Smallwood:- (hides a grin)

"Lets see your tongue."

(Preacher sticks out his tongue; Doctor examines it carefully)

"Why, Parson, you've got a good tongue-a fine tongue! Maybe you've used it a little too much though."-(doctor grins aside)

David Devine:- (gloomily; shakes his head)

"I don't feel well:- I can't sleep at night."

Dr. Smallwood:- (solicitously)

"Now, that's too bad (gets thermometer from his pocket; sticks it in Preacher's mouth; takes his hand; takes out his watch;

counts his pulse; looks very grave; shakes his head solemnly.) Your heart action is wild-too much action! (Doctor takes thermometer from the preacher's mouth; looks at it; shakes his head) Too much temperature!! Blood too hot!!!--- You will have to be careful, Parson, you have been overdoing yourself, remember you have a large family to take care of-a family of fine children-seven, isn't it?-(the preacher looks miserable)--You have one fine little fellow, Davie, named for you, I believe! A fine old fellow King David was, he and old King Solomon were great old boys: what's that little jingle:-

"King Solomon and King David,
 Led merry, merry lives,
 They each had many lady friends, (grin)
 Any many, many wives,
 But when old age overtook them, With many, many qualms,
 King Solomon wrote the Proverbs,
 And King David wrote the Psalms."

(Preacher grins sheepishly, followed by a sanctimonious look; Doctor is writing a prescription)

They had a great time in their day-a great time!- a time to conjure with!!-but old Father Time got the best of them after all their high jinks; and all they could do was to sit in the shade, write Psalms and Proverbs, and make faces at their doddery old legs." (hands the prescription to preacher) Take this according to directions, and don't get excited about anything;-(preacher puts prescription in his pocket) excitement is bad for preachers. You haven't anything on your mind, have you Parson, that keeps you awake at night?" (Doctor grins aside)

D.Devine:- (looks nervous; fingers play on each knee)

"I have many duties, and my sermons occupy much of my time."

Dr. Smallwood:- (nods)

"Watching the moral conduct of your flock must weigh heavily on your mind."

D.Devine:- (squirms about; then gets up, and turns to door to left)

"I must be going. I want to see Judge Bethel about our new church. Good-bye, Doctor." (he exits, Doctor nods to him)

Dr. Smallwood:-

"Poor Devil!-- Poor sanctimonious hypocrite!! Some Bessie or other's got him too." (he sighs, and turns to his desk. His telephone rings, he takes receiver down) "Who is it? Yes, this is Dr. Smallwood. Who?---Bessie!!--The Hell it is!!!!--well, you've caused enough of that for me (he speaks very savagely) Moved here to live!!--My God!!!!--Didn't answer your telegram?----- Haven't had my hands on it yet. My wife got it--she's got it under lock and key--If I were you I'd keep out of her way--bet your sweet life I'm doing it-----Yes, I'll help the child--Think he favors me?-- (he swells up)--fine looking kid, is he?-----All right, I'll come--Where?---All right--I'll be there after lunch--about 2:30----- (he gets up and exits through rear door)

Door to rear of Judge Bethel's office opens; Mrs. Bethel enters; she stands in the doorway a moment talking to the stenographer.
Mrs. Bethel:-

"When do you think he will get back?"

Miss Cameron-stenographer:-

"He had some business at the bank and the Court House, and said that he would be gone for an hour."

Mrs. Bethel:- (entering private office)

"Well, I will wait here, and go to lunch with him."

(she sits at Judge Bethel's desk; picks up the newspaper from the floor; reads)-Miss Cameron, (raising her voice) did you read this article about that kidnapping case, and the wonderful detective work of Patrick Gully? Its really wonderful; if I should ever need the help of such people; I should go to this detective; he must be a Sherlock Holmes."

Miss Cameron:- (from next room)

"He sure is.(she comes to door with her hat on) Mrs. Bethel, I am going out to lunch, can I do anything for you first?"
Mrs. Bethel:- (pleasantly)

"No thank you, Miss Cameron, I'll just wait here, and read the paper." (stenographer exits rear door; Mrs. Bethel turns the paper over; throws it down; looks out of the windows; turns back to the desk; sees that it is not closed tight; pulls up the top indifferently; begins to look over the mail; finds the letter which her husband had pushed under the other letters; looks at it carelessly at first; then she starts; her eyes grow wild; she shows evidence of great excitement; staggers against the desk - letter in her hand - she re-reads it, staggers to the chair, falls in it; leans against the desk and weeps convulsively; the rear door opens, and the Reverend David Devine enters; she raises her face)



D.Devine:- (in shocked and sympathetic tones)

"Why, Sister Bethel, what is the matter?"

Mrs. Bethel:- (mops her face with her handkerchief, which she takes from her hand-bag)

"Oh, Brother Devine, this dreadful letter!" (she holds up letter) Just listen!" (she reads aloud)

"Dearest Friend:-

Thank you for that last money, but I must have some more at once, for little Bennie has been very sick with measles. He needs a trip, and so do I, for I am worn out nursing him. He is the very image of you, as you can see from the picture I send you by this mail. I am thinking of moving to your town, so that we can be near you, and you can direct his education.

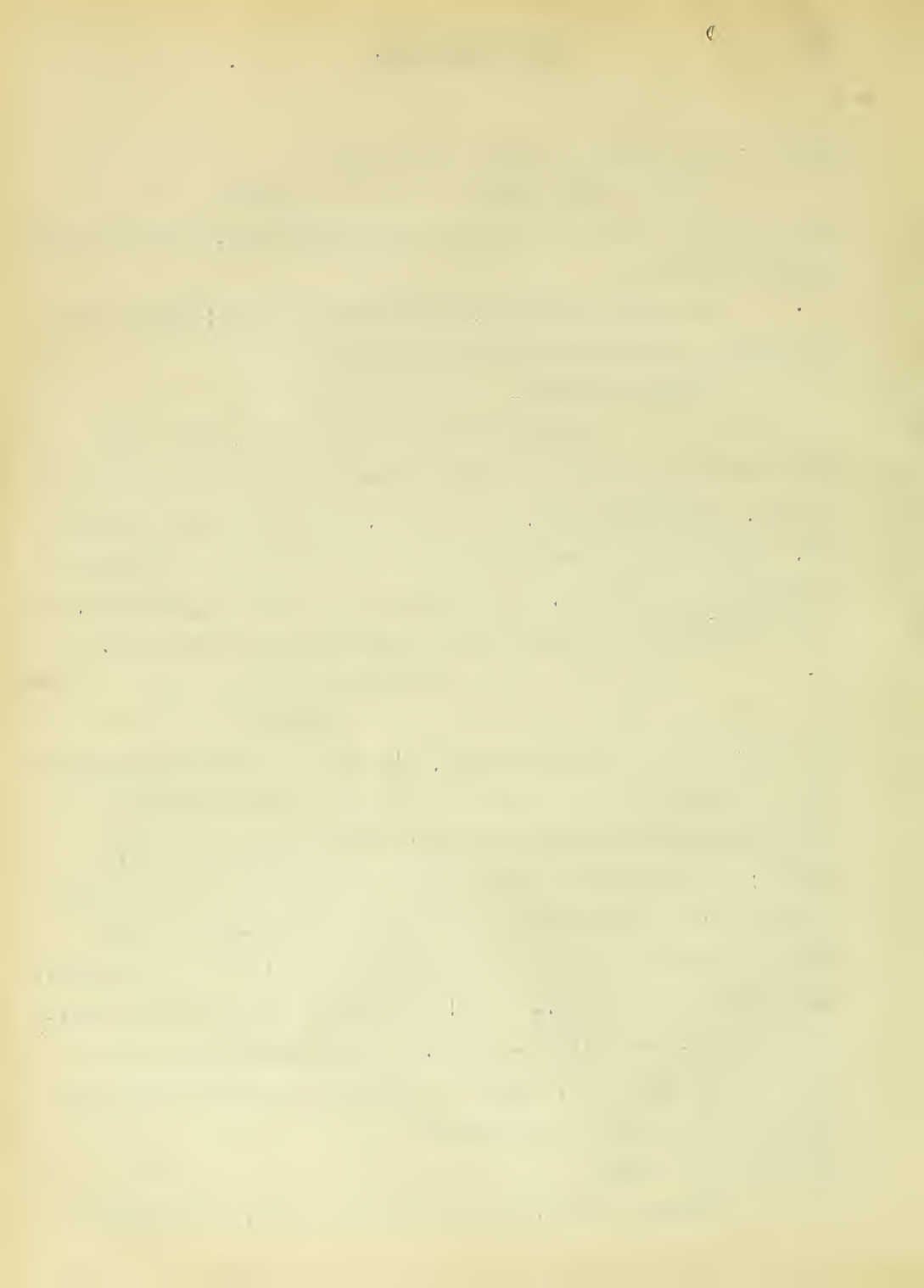
Yours as ever,

Bettie."

P.S. Don't fail to send the money. I'd hate to have to go to your wife to get it"----- (she looks at him with a horrified face) Isn't that horrible!----What shall I-do? Oh, Heavens! what shall I do?-(she walks up and down the room)---The picture isn't in the letter-I can't find it either!---(she looks over the letters and papers on the desk)--- Isn't it too dreadful!! The creature coming here!!----Oh!--^{how} could he have treated me so!!- I--loved--him--so--much!!!--O-O-Ohhh!" (she clenches her hands; twists her handkerchief; walks the floor; the preacher looks at her in solemn silence for a moment)

D.Devine:- (solemnly)

"My dear Sister, this is an awful trial, but listen to



me for a moment-(she stops and looks at him)- Your husband has evidently been a great sinner! (he shakes his head sadly) To err is human-to forgive divine--you are a good woman; would it not be a great triumph for your and his soul, if you took this child of sin and degradation-(he looks piously upward) and raise him in your own home, rather than have the mother come here to drag your husband down from his high position---Pay her!---(loudly)--Pay her! (more loudly) Pay her, her own price; (very loud) but get rid of her--You have no child of your own-you are rich in this world's goods, and your husband is a power in our church here, and his donations would be sadly missed, if he had to leave on account of this-this- (he points to the letter, in her hand)-- hideous affair! (he shudders)---Judge Bethol would never remain in this town, if you should divorce him. He intends to run for Governor, and this-- (he shudders again)-matter--(nods to letter again)-would kill his chances were it to get out, but if you pay the sinful woman enough money, she might give the child to you and leave the state; then you, and the Judge would get the credit of adopting an orphan child, and his election would be assured. Think over this matter, my dear sister in Christ, and act not hastily, for it would be a great thing for our church to have one of its members in the Gubernatorial chair, and we could get many things accomplished through the Legislature, for the good of the Lord--and ourselves." (he casts his eyes piously upward)

Mrs. Bethol:- (listens attentively, mops her eyes; sighs)

"Yes, Brother Divine, your words are words of wisdom, as your own deeds have always been pure.--(he fidgets and squirms

about , but still looks pious, as he clasps his hands meekly in front of him)-- I should love to live in the Governor's Mansion-- and--and--all the rest of it--I'll do as you suggest. I'll keep my plan a secret from him--the wicked wretch!--(she dabbles her eyes again) I'll hunt for this horrible woman, but this letter is typewritten and gives no address--(she looks at letter)-- and I will pay her to give the child to me, and then go away--- then I'll show him the child--and let him know that I know all --- I guess he will do as I say, from now on, when he has to look at little Bennie every day--the little Devil!(viciously)--Pardon me, Brother Devine, but this is a terrible grief and shock to me--(she weeps)-- and I think that he ought to be ashamed of himself--Don't you?"

D. Devine:--(turning to door to right)

"No certainly should, but:--'man is fire; women are tow; the Devil comes, and begins to blow." I must go--(he shakes her hand)--God be with you, my dear sister, and remember about the Governor's Mansion." (he exits door to right) (Mrs. Bethel picks up the newspaper on the floor; turns it over; gets pencil and paper from the desk; takes down Detective Gully's address; puts address in her hand-bag; then she begins another search under papers on desk; she finds the picture of the child; something is written on the bottom of the picture; she reads/ ^{reads aloud words} "Little Bennie to his daddy" (she turns picture over/ ^{reads aloud words} on back ----- "His hair is yellow like yours, Bettie." (she takes out her watch--opens the back of the case; examines the picture of her husband in the watch; compares it with the picture of the child . While she is doing this Mrs. Smallwood enters her husband's office from the rear door; she



jerks up his desk; goes through all the papers; she looks in the waste paper basket; finds pieces of a letter; she puts the pieces together; looks angry; puts the pieces carefully away in her hand-bag; then she comes to a drawer that will not open; she prises it open with some instruments; jerks the drawer open; seizes a picture, similar to the one that Mrs. Bethel is looking at in her husband's office to the right; turns picture over; reads something on back; then she throws photograph on the floor; stamps on it)

(Curtain)

End of Act I.

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The Blackmailer.

Act II.

Same day-Afternoon. .

Interior of Detective Pat Gully's office.

A desk; several chairs, and other furniture used in a detective's private office. Door to rear, and door to left of room.

The Blackmailer.

Act II.

Interior of Detective Pat Gully's office.

Pat Gully:-(seated at his desk;smoking a cigar;reading a report)

Office boy:-(opens door;ushers Mrs.Smallwood in)

Mrs.Smallwood:-(walks to desk)

" Is this Mr.Pat Gully?"

Pat Gully:-(removes cigar)

" That's my name."

Mrs.Smallwood:-

" You're the detective?"

Pat Gully:-

" I am."

Mrs.Smallwood:-

" I have a case for you."

Pat Gully:-(motions her to a chair)

" Won't you have that chair,Madam."

Mrs.Smallwood:-(takes a chair;opens her hand-bag;takes out a bundle of papers,and a photograph)

" My husband is a villian,and I am going to get even with him;I am going to divorce him! I am going to make a beggar out of him!-- I am going to let this whole town know that he spends his time buying new suits for his little Sammie! --(she fairly spits the name out)-- and getting telegrams from Bessie!--(she hands him the telegram and the photograph)--I am going to ruin his practice!! And then I am going to attend to Bessie and little Sammie!! --but I've got to find them first; that's why I've come to employ you--(Pat Gully listens attentively to all that she says;chews on his unlighted cigar;says nothing)

The Blackmailer.

I got that telegram the other day,before he did-(she points to the telegram)-I found the picture in his desk! - hidden away in a locked up drawer!!--(her voice expresses great scorn)--Look at it!--(her voice grows shrill)

Pat Gully:-(reads aloud from bottom of picture)

"'Little Sammie to his Daddy-Big Sammie'--I take it,that you got this-(he shakes photograph)-from your husband's desk."

Mrs.Smallwood:-(nods her head)

" And I got this note-(she takes another paper from her hand-bag)-from the waste-paper basket;it was torn up,but I pasted the piece on that piece of paper--just read it!--she has the nerve to talk about how much that little Devil-(she points to the photograph)-looks like him,even to the color of his hair!!!--(she weeps angrily)

Pat Gully:-(looking at photograph)

"What color is his hair?"

Mrs.Smallwood:-(wipes her eyes)

" Turn the picture over."

Pat Gully:-(turns photograph over;reads aloud)

" His hair is auburn,like yours. Bessie."

Mrs.Smallwood:-

" Auburn! It's red!-a nasty,ugly,villainous red!!---I hate it!--I hate him,and I want to K-I-L-L Bessie and that little red headed toad of a Sammie!!!--(she looks dangerous)

Pat Gully:-

" You want me to locate this woman and this child,so that you can bring your suit for divorce ?"

Mrs.Smallwood:-

" Yes-That's all my lawyer-Judge Bethel-needs;just her address."

The Blackmailer.

Pat Gully:-(opens book on his desk;takes pen and ink;starts to write)

" What is your name?"

Mrs Smallwood:-

" Mrs.Samuel Smallwood."

Pat Gully:-(looks surprised)

" Wife of Doctor Smallwood?"

Mrs.Smallwood:-(speaks grimly)

" At present I am,until you find where Bessie and little

Sammie live."

Pat Gully:-(writes in book)

" Well,Madam,I'll get busy on this case at once,and will report to you in a few days."

Mrs.Smallwood:-(rises)

" Or you might deliver everything to Judge Bethel,and if I find any more evidence against them-the vipers!-I'll bring it to you.

I'll pay anything on Earth,just to find that little Sammie!!"-(she grits her teeth;shakes her head;clenches her hands,as she exits)

Pat Gully picks up the photograph;looks carefully at it;lays it on the desk;takes the telegram;rereads it;takes the patched up piece of letter;rereads it; gets a long sheet of paper;makes notes on it;pins telegram and letter to the long sheet of paper;wraps the photograph in these papers;lays all on the desk;office boy opens door;ushers Mrs.Bethel in)

Mrs.Bethel:-(advances to desk)

" Is this Detective Gully?"

Pat Gully:-(nods)

" Yes,Madam."



The Blackmailer.

Mrs.Bethel:-

" I have a delicate case that I want very carefully handled, and no publicity in the future."

Pat Gully:-

" This business employs no press agents,Madam. Won't you be seated."

Mrs.Bethel:- (sits in chair just vacated by Mrs.Smallwood;leans forward)

" I am Mrs.Benjamin Bethel."

Pat Gully:-

" Wife of Judge Bethel?"

Mrs.Bethel:-

" Yes,and I find--I find--I have found---(she stammers) that my husband has a little Bennie,and it is'nt mine--it's Bettie's!-(she breaks down and weeps angrily)---the hateful thing!!! -(she opens her hand-bag;gets out a letter,and a photograph;hands to detective)--I want you to find them for me--I am going to adopt little Bennie!!-(she weeps again)-I don't want my husband to know it until I buy him from this Bettie creature,and get her to go away-- I'll pay her to do it--I want you to--to--find little Bennie."

Pat Gully:- (looks at her in surprise)

" Have'nt you any children?"

Mrs.Bethel:-

" No".

Pat Gully:-

" You really intend to adopt this other woman's child, if you can buy her off?"

Mrs.Bethel:-
"Yes".

The Blackmailer.

Pat Gully:-(admiringly)

" You are a remarkable woman!"

Mrs.Bethel:-

" Brother Devine has advised me to do this,for the sake of my husband's soul--and--and-several other reasons."

Pat Gully:-(reads the letter;looks at the photograph;looks astonished as he examines it closely)

" There's a sky-pilot in the case?"

Mrs.Bethel:-

" He is my minister,and a very pure man.I have found much Christian comfort in his Godly advice----See what that wretched woman wrote on the back of that fiendish picture--(she points to the photograph in his hands)-of the little Demon!---(Pat Gully turns photograph over;looks at writing on back;starts;starts to get the other photograph,in the bundle of papers relative to Mrs.Smallwood's case; looks uncertainly at Mrs.Bethel;puts bundle of Mrs.Smallwood's papers back;takes letter given him by Mrs.Bethel;rereads it;looks nonplussed)

Pat Gully:-

" This Bettie woman says that little Bonnie's hair is yellow. Is that the color of Judge Bethel's hair?"

Mrs.Bethel:-(angrily)

" Yes,and see how she wrote it:'like yours';and on the picture: ' just like his Daddy'--Oh! I want to kill her,him,and that nasty little Bonnie!'"

Pat Gully:-

" But I thought you wanted to adopt him!"

Mrs.Bethel:

" I am going to adopt him,but I want to kill him too."

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Pat Gully:-(laughs;twists his face into a wry smile,as he continues to examine the photograph.)

" And his hair is yellow?"

Mrs.Bethel:-(rises)

" Yes;so the creature writes.When you get them located;let me,or the Reverened David Devine know.He is in my confidence,and will talk to this abandoned female about my adopting the child-little Bennie."

(She exits.Pat Gully grabs the other bundle;takes out the other photograph;puts the two side by side;looks keenly interested,as he examines them. The door opens;the office boy ushers Mrs.David Devine into the room. The detective hurriedly pushes the two photographs,and all letters,under some papers on his desk;turns an interested face to Mrs.Devine)

Mrs.Devine:-(comes timidly into the room.She has on a heavy veil)

" Are you the great detective?"

Pat Gully:-(smiles)

" I am a detective,Madam."

Mrs.Devine:(cautiously lifts a corner of her veil;looks and speaks in a nervous manner)

" Are you Detective Gully?"

Pat Gully:-

" That is my name."

Mrs.Devine:-(raises her veil over her hat)

" I want to consult you about a terrible matter!"-(she weeps)

Pat Gully:-(kindly)

" Take a seat,and tell me your trouble-I'll try and help you."

Mrs.Devine:-(earnestly)

" You won't ever tell?"

Pat Gully:-(just as earnestly)

" Cross my heart;I hope to die,if I do!" (he crosses his

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heart and looks solemnly at her)

Mrs.Devine:- (heaves a sigh of relief;sits in the chair just vacated by Mrs.Bethel and leans toward him)

" I don't want the Presiding Elder's wife to know;she would tell the Bishop's wife,and she would tell the whole church about their being two little Davies!!!"--(she weeps)

Pat Gully:- (jumps in his chair)

" What!--Another?"

Mrs.Devine:- (rocks back and forth in her chair;hands to her face)

" Look at these!!-(she opens her hand-bag;takes out a sheet of note paper;a photograph;several stubs of bank cheques.He takes them all in his hands;looks at photograph in great astonishment;looks blankly at her;takes the part of a letter,and the stubs;looks at them.)

I found them all in his desk,where his sermons were."

Pat Gully:- (reads aloud from bottom of photograph)

" Little Davie to his Daddy. --Are you the Sky-pilot's wife?"

Mrs.Devine:- (primly)

" I am the wife of the Reverened David Devine."

Pat Gully:-

" Is his hair red,or yellow?"

Mrs.Devine:- (weeping wildly)

"No.It is black,and she wr~~ites~~ates that the other little Davie's is black too-look on the back of the picture!!"

Pat Gully:- (turns photograph over;reads aloud)

" His hair is black,like his Daddy's.Lizzie."

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Mrs.Devine:-(weeps wildly)

" Black!--black!--black!--And so is my little Davie's-his is black too,just like his papa's--Oh!--Ain't it awful!--both to have black hair!--all my other children's hair is brown;only Davie's--that's black!--And the other little Davie's had to go and be black too!!! Oh!--If it had only been red,or yellow;anything but black!--(she rocks back and forth;weeps convulsively)

Pat Gully:-(desperately)

" Say,here now!--Don't cry like that;maybe she made a mistake, and it is red or yellow;or maybe its both!"

Mrs.Devine:-(still weeping)

" But those cheques!--See how many are made out payable to:--'bearer' on the stubs---I want to find out who 'bearer' is.I know its this woman-Lizzie-but who is she?--Where does she live?--I want you to find out for me.Do you think you can?"

Pat Gully:-(confidently)

" I think I can."

Mrs.Devine:-(rising)

" Please don't let anybody,but Dr.Smallwood know about this. You can tell him when you find them,for he is my doctor and is giving me nerve treatment,since I found out about all these cheques,and that other horrid,horrid little Davie!--(she drops her veil;goes out weeping)

Pat Gully:-(grabs the other two photographs,from under the papers on his desk;holds them all three in his hands;whistles long and loud)

" For the love of Mike!--No,for the love of?--Lets see?-(he takes all the papers in the ~~three~~ cases;shuffles them in his hands;

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spreads them all out on the desk; holds the three photographs in his left hand)---Bessie-Bettie-Lizzie:--three frail ladies, and three brave, honorable gentlemen--an M.D., a D.D. and a L.L.D.--Three angry weeping wives, and three sturdy little results of sub-rosa affairs---(he examines the three photographs more closely; jumps up and walks around the room)---By George! This is a funny case!--Red-yellow-black--(he still looks at the three photographs; squints his eyes)---they're alike as peas in a pod--but, red?--yellow?--black?--Now this is a mixup; a real puzzle. (He lays the photographs down on the desk; walks around the room; his hands to his head; runs his fingers through his hair; looks wild)--Same eyes, same nose, same mouth and chin, same shaped head; but, red, yellow and black hair!--Gads, this is a mystery!--Bessie, Lizzie, Bettie--(he goes to his desk; begins to figure, and write)---Three mothers, three daddies--a Saw-bones, a Sky-pilot, and a Li-yer; result:--one kid with different colored hair!--(he walks around the room; seems in a deep study)--Three mothers; three daddies; same kid, with a red head, a yellow head, and a black head!--My God! Its a chameleon!--Its got three heads, and only one body!--Its got three mothers!--Its got three daddies!--and its name is:--little Sammie; little Bennie; and little Davie!--By George! its hydra-headed!!! -Red, black and yellow!!! I'm bug-house! bug-house sure!! But I'll find that striped headed kid, with three names; his three mothers, and three daddies, if it takes as long, as it takes the Revolution in Mexico, to stop revolting!--(he looks at his watch; goes back to his desk; looks in the telephone book; takes down the receiver; calls) Central, give me Main 7654.--That you, Judge Bethel?--This is Gully--Pat Gully, at Headquarters. Will you step round to my office, within the next thirty minutes? I want to get a little information, relative to a matter that is of interest to you--a matter that I am working on.

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All right---Thank you, Judge, I'll be here.--(He hangs the receiver up for a moment; looks in telephone book; takes receiver down)--Central, give me Main 9938. I want to speak to Dr. Smallwood, please. That you, Doctor?--This is Pat Gully at Headquarters--yes, Pat Gully. I want to see you about a matter that is of interest to you. Will you kindly come to my office an hour from now; say, about four O'clock--(he takes out his watch; looks at it)---Thank you, Doctor. --(he hangs the receiver up; looks in telephone book; takes the receiver down again)--Central, give me Cliff 1346. Is this the Reverend David Devine's residence?---I want to speak to him, please.---Your daddy, Sonny, not little Davie! --(he grins) Is that you, Mr. Devine?--This is Pat Gully speaking---Gully--G-u-l-l-y, at Police Headquarters.---Yes--I want to see you at my office---say, about four thirty this afternoon on an important matter that interests you.--Thank you, Parson."--(he grins as he hangs up the receiver.--A few moments elapse; he makes notes in his book; looks at the photographs and papers in the case.)

Judge Bethel:--(door opens; office boy ushers him in; he looks anxious; hurries up to Gully's desk)

" Want to see me, Gully?"

Pat Gully:--(looks cordial; holds out his hands; they shake hands; Bethel looks worried)

" Hello, Judge! I hope I didn't hurry you."

Judge Bethel:--(anxiously and nervously)

" No, no, I was coming this way, so I came right on--I'm on my way home. What did you want to see me about, Gully?"

Pat Gully:--(very cordially)

" Why sit down, Judge, won't you have a cigar?"--(he offers him a cigar, which he takes from his pocket)

Judge Bethel:--(waves the cigar away; looks nervous)

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" No thank you-I don't smoke."

Pat Gully:-(looks astonished)

" Why when did you quit, Judge?"

Judge Bethel:-(looks confused, and rather desperate)

" I-I-mean-I'm not smoking today."

Pat Gully:-(lights the cigar; starts to smoke)

" You don't object to my smoking--Do you, Judge?"

Judge Bethel:-

" Certainly not-(rubs his hands)-I'm in a little of a hurry today, Gully, anything special?"

Pat Gully:-(looks at him through the cigar smoke)

" Better sit down, Judge, I want to talk to you about the Smallwood case." (he puts the cigar back in his mouth)

Judge Bethel:-(heaves a sigh of relief; looks relieved; sits in the chair)

" Smallwood case! Oh yes!"

Pat Gully:-(takes the cigar from his mouth; holds it between himself and Judge Bethel; grins a wicked grin)

" Why yes, Judge, what other case could I mean?--Mrs. Smallwood told me that you were her lawyer, and to confer with you. (Gully looks innocently curious; Judge Bethel looks nervous)--She wants me to locate this Bessie woman, and the child-little Bessie----

Judge Bethel:-(jumps excitedly up)

" Little who?"

Pat Gully:-

" I mean little Sammie-(Judge Bethel calms down; sits again)-so that you can proceed at once with her petition for divorce. Seems to me that the Doctor has gotten himself into a bad mess."

Judge Bethel:- " He has indeed!"

Pat Gully:- " He was certainly careless to keep a photograph of the child in

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his desk,with:-' little Sammie to his Daddy-big Sammie' written on the back of it."

Judge Bethel:-(jumps up)

" By George,that's so,Gully!-He's a fool-a fool-a big fool!-any man would be!--say,I'll see you later-I've got to go back to my office a moment--I-I-I-left something there--a-a-present for my wife--I-I-I'm afraid the janitor might steal it."

Pat Gully:-(looks at his watch;smiles)

" Why its too early for the janitor to clean up now-It's only three thirty.Just wait a moment-I won't keep you long.I am forming a theory regarding the Smallwood case,and I want to test it.I find that Mrs.Smallwood has a very great regard for your opinion -(Judge Bethel looks important)-she will do about as you say in the matter-(Judge Bethel looks pleased)-I want you to induce her to be guided by me also- in other words,to follow my plan to the letter.I am going to sift this matter to the bottom-in other words:find Bettie,and little Sammie for her----

Judge Bethel:(jumps up;looks excited)

" Bettie!"

Pat Gully:(waves his hand)

" I mean Bessie-(Judge Bethel calms down;takes his seat again) Now,Judge,I have'nt your high standing in the community,being as you are a lawyer with a fine reputation,and I'M nothing but a detective with nothing but a good character;but before I'd a dealt my wife and family-if I owned such things-the hand that Dr.Smallwood has dealt his wife and little girl,with this Bessie creature and that little Bennie--

Judge Bethel:-(jumps again)

" Little Bennie!!"

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Pat Gully:-(waves his hand reassuringly)

" I mean Sammie-(Judge Bethel calms down;sits again)-I'd-I'd-I'd a joined the white ribboners and took up sky-piloting for a real living, instead of for a diversion."

Judge Bethel:-(frowns disapprovingly)

" Does look bad for a man,who is a father already."

Pat Gully:-(looks keenly at him)

" And a husband already."

Judge Bethel:-(confusedly)

" That's so-That's so--(he rises;turns to the door)-All right,Gully, I'll see my client,and urge her to be guided by any plans that you may make.-Good morning."----- (He exits--a few moments elapse-door opens again-office boy shows Dr.Smallwood in-closes door)

Dr.Smallwood:-(walks hurriedly up to the desk)

" Well,Gully,what can I do for?-Want your appendix cut out?"

Pat Gully:-(laughs;holds out his hand;they shake hands)

" Hello,Doc.,no,not today thanks-later on you may feel more like carving me up.Take that chair.-(Doctor sits in the chair)

Dr.Smallwood:-

" Well,what's the good word?"

Pat Gully:-

" I want to talk to you about the ' Devine and little Lavie' case.

Mrs.Devine has employed me to work on it for her."

Dr.Smallwood:-

" I've got a hurry call for that woman now!--She's got the 'Willies'; because the parson's been acting like a David,instead of a Joseph --Women are so unreasonable!--They jeer at the shirt tail grabbing Josephs,and fall all over themselves about the sweet singing,women hugging Davids;yet,they demand that their own husbands grab their coat tails and run,when a Mrs.

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Potiphar smiles!--queer things,females are!--(he shakes his head,as if puzzled)

Pat Gully:-(pensively)

" I don't own one."

Doctor Smallwood:-(emphatically)

" Take my advice,Gully,never own one;through the Church door,or the back door.Then you're your own man,and can snap your fingers at the whole damn sex!"

Pat Gully:-(reflectively)

" Doc.,you speak feelingly."

Dr.Smallwood:-(sighing)

" Well,Gully,I'm a husband and a physician;and I-I-foel sorry for that poor Devil-Devine--What did he go and get caught for?--Why didn't he lie like a man about it?"

Pat Gully:-

"Why,she found the picture of the kid in his desk,with this written on the back:-' his hair is black,like his daddy-David's,from "izzie"; besides a lot of other dope,enough to queer any man with his wife-even a sky-pilot"

Doctor Smallwood:-(drops his mouth open)

" Is that so?--The silly ass!--(he jumps up)--Say,Gully,I'm a little rushed this morning,and I forgot--I forgot--a-a-box of nerve pills for the Parson's wife---poor woman!-(he starts for the door)--I'll see you another time."

Pat Gully:-

" Wait just a minute,Doc.,-(the doctor pauses)-I won't keep you long.-(the doctor slowly returns;fidgets about the desk)--Mrs.Devine thinks a lot of you-you're her doctor,and she knows that you are a fine upstanding man,with nothing to be ashamed of."

Doctor Smallwood:-(jeers)

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"Aw, cut that out, Gully-cut out the flubdub!-You didn't get me here to soft soap me did you?"

Pat Gully:-(grins)

"I am telling you what Mrs.Devine thinks of you, Doc."

Doctor Smallwood:-(grins sheepishly)

"Oh, yes!-she thinks I am a Hell of a fine man; you think I may be a Hell of a fellow!--Well, out with it?--What in the Hell do you want me to do? I've got to get back to my office, to keep from getting into some pretty real Hell of my own, maybe--(he looks as if he had said too much)--and--and --to get those nerve pills, so get a move on yourself--out with it--get it out of your system!"

Pat Gully:-(laughs aloud)

"I only want you to induce Mrs.Devine to do as I suggest to her, in her case-follow my trail. Tell her that I will lead her out of the wilderness, and get rid of her present bug-a-boc-little Sammie---"

Doctor Smallwood:-(eyes pop; he jumps)

"Little Sammie!!"

Pat Gully:-

"I mean little Davie-(the doctor grins)-I've got a hunch that I will¹ be able to clear the atmosphere for her in a short time--Tell her so for me, and impress upon her mind to do exactly as I say. I'm sure sorry for her.

The sky-pilot ought to be ashamed of himself for skylarking with Bessie!"

Doctor Smallwood:-(jumps)

"The Hell!"

Pat Gully:-(hurriedly)

"I mean Lizzie."

Doctor Smallwood:-(quiets down)

"He has been a bit too frisky for a father of seven other little

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psalm singers. All right, Gully, I'll try to get his weeping spouse to go it blind, and do as you say; she may listen to us, as she is married to another man."-(he starts toward the door)

Pat Gully:-(laughs)

" Thank you, Doc., if you ever need my help; just let me know."

Doctor Smallwood:-(waves his hand at the detective, as he leaves the door)

"I'm one of the sinless Josephs, Gully; besides, I know how to lie like a gentleman."-(both men laugh; Doctor Smallwood exits---A few moments elapse; the office boy opens the door; ushers the Reverend David Devine into the room; closes the door. The preacher stops irresolutely near the inside of the door)

Pat Gully:-(encouragingly)

" Come in; take that chair; I won't hurt you."

David Devine:-(advances to the desk; sits in chair; looks piously frightened)

" How can I serve you, Mr.---Mr. Tully?"

Pat Gully:-(emphatically)

" Gully, Gully-Pat Gully, detective for unearthing hidden crimes-- I guess you may have heard of me; I've heard a lot about you."

D. Devine:-(rubs his hands nervously; looks frightened and miserable)

" Yes?"

Pat Gully:-

" Yes--Mrs. Bethel was telling me how much she valued your friendship and advice, since she has discovered that the Judge has frisky habits, and she is in so much distress."

D. Devine:-(looks relieved; sighs; rolls his eyes upward; folds his hands over his stomach)

" Yes indeed, this is truly a horrible affair!"

Pat Gully:-

" So horrible, that she has employed me to discover the perpetrator!"

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of this Lizzie-----"

D.Devine:-(jumps high in his chair)

" Lizzie!!"

Pat Gully:-

" I mean Bettie and little Bennie-(D.Devine resumes his devout attitude)--She wants to heap coals of fire on the Judge's head by adopting the child-owing to your divine influence for good-(D.Devine looks very pious and good)-then she will have a stick to belabor him with for life."

D.Devine:-(piously;his hands devoutly folded)

" I feel sure that Sister Bethel's motives are pure in the matter."

Pat Gully:-

" Sure thing!--Women's motives are always pure,but you can't tell what is back of the motives."

D.Devine:-(piously,

" Sister Bethel is doing a Christian act,in return for a great wrong--a terrible sin!"-(he roll his eyes up;shakes his head)

Pat Gully:-(looks sneeringly at him;grins)

" And she wants me to be her 'go getter' for little Bennie.I'm on to my job all right;but I want you to influence her,to give me a lone hand and follow my lead as I deal the cards."

D.Devine:-(apparently, greatly shocked)

" Do I understand that you want her to engage in a gambling game!!"

Pat Gully:-(genially)

" Not the kind you are thinking of--Don't worry,Parson,I'll not corrupt the lady--I'll be as pure-as pure as you are--God save the mark!-(aside)-I only want to find little Davie-----"

D.Devine:-(springsup wildly)

" Little Davie!!!"

Pat Gully:-(soothingly)

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" I mean little Bennie for her, but I want to do it in my own way--See?"

D.Devine:-(rolls his eyes;looks bewildered)

" I-I-I-guess so, Mr.Sully."

Pat Gully:-(shouts)

" Gully-Gully-G-U-L-L-Y-Gully, the detective!!!"

D.Devine:-(meekly)

" Yes, G-u-l-l-y, Gully."

Pat Gully:-(gruffly)

" Its a weakness of mine to have my name called right.---Now Judge Bethel kept a photograph of that kid in his desk;of course his wife found it-wives always do, sooner or later, and-----

D.Devine:-(jumps wildly up;starts for the door)

"I've got to go---I'm in an awful hurry---My God!---I've got to go to my study at once---and---and---finish my sermon!!"

Pat Gully:-(seems astonished)

"Wait a minute, Parson, You've got five days to finish that sermon."

D.Devine:-(rushes to the door;looks back;Pat Gully follows him;grabs at his coat tails)

" Yes-yes-I know, but I just thought of something to-to-get out--no-no-no-I mean to put in--and I've got to hurry--I'll tell Mrs.Bethel to do just what you say, Mr.Bully----"

Pat Gully:-(falls against the door jamb;laughs loudly)

" Well, I'll be damned!!!"

Curtain.

Interval of two weeks.

The Blackmailer.

Same scene--Two weeks later.Interior of Detective's office.

Pat Gully:--(comes briskly in;walks to his desk;takes telephone book;looks up number,takes receiver down)

" Hello!--That you,Central?--Give me Main 8432.--Is this Judge Bethel's residence?--I would like to speak to Mrs.Bethel,please.--Yes,Mrs.Bethel--- I know the Judge is at his office.---I want to speak to his wife,Mrs.Bethel--- none of your business who it is-(angrily)---That you,Mrs.Bethel?-(he speaks very politely now)--This is Pat Gully.--I've located Bettie and little Bennie for you---- Yes---Yes---Yes---Here-in this town.--I can take you and the Parson there any time,but I would'nt be in such a hurry about the adoption papers---Come to my office first---Yes--any time--Yes--this morning will suit me.--Yes,good looking kid.--Only so,so-her mouth too big. All right--that's all right---Hair yellow?--Yes--I'll tell you all about him,when I see you.---In a few moments?---All right.----- (He laughs as he hangs up the receiver;takes telephone book;looks for number;takes receiver down)-----

" This Central?--Give me Cliff 6782.---This Doctor Smallwood's residence?---I know the Doctor's making his calls--I want to speak to Mrs. Smallwood---All right---Is this Mrs.Smallwood?--This is Pat Gully speaking--Yes--Yes--Yes,I have--Here,in this town---Don't be in such a hurry--(he puts his hand over the receiver;laughs)--Bessie and little Sammie will keep-- I want to see you first before you go there---Yes,that will suit me--I'll be here all morning---Got red hair?--sure thing.--Pretty?--No,she's ugly as a mud fence.---Good bye---That's all right.--Coming at once in a taxi? All right.--(he laughs,as he hangs receiver up;looks for number in telephone book;takes receiver down)-----

" Central!--Gimme Cliff I346.--Is this the residence of the Reverened David Devine?--Is he in?--Out, is he?--(he puts his hand over



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the mouth-piece, and grins; saying:)--'That's just what I'lowed'--(then he removes his hand from the mouth-piece of the telephone; continues to talk over it)--I would like to speak to Mrs. Devine, please.---In the bath-room, bathing little Davie?---Well, ask her to step to the phone a moment, while you go and scrub little Davie awhile.---No, Sissy, I'm not crazy now, but I was bug-house awhile about a little Davie--Is that you, Mrs. Devine?---(his voice grows respectful)--This is Pat Gully.---I've found little Davie and Lizzie, for you!---Don't cry!---(his voice grows desperate)--Please don't cry!---(he turns and speaks aside; puts his hand over the mouth-piece)--My God!--she's bawling like a calf!---(he takes his hand from the mouth-piece; talks over the telephone again)--Black hair?---Sometimes---Say now, Madam, please don't cry like that! --I want to talk to you about it---No, she's ugly as the very Devil!---Yes--ugly as sin!---All right--That's talking!---Yes--Here in this town.---My God, PLEASE don't cry any more!! (he shows all the signs of an exasperated man)--No--No--certainly I won't tell the Presiding Elder--(aside)--'whoever the Guy is'--nor the Bishop's wife about little Davie---Coming to my office at once?---All right --- Doctor Smallwood's out making calls; you can see him later--Good bye--" (he hangs up the receiver; opens a drawer of his desk; takes out the three photographs; lays them on the desk; gets three bundles of papers; lays them by the photographs; gets a cigar from his pocket; lights it; leans back in his chair; looks pleased; blows rings of smoke to the ceiling; watches the rings, with half closed eyes; says:--)" After this, the fireworks!!!"

(Door opens)

Mrs. Smallwood:--(comes hurriedly in; goes to desk; speaks in an excited manner)----" Well?"

Pat Gully:--(throws his cigar away; looks at her)

" Good morning, Mrs. Smallwood."

(Door opens again)



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Mrs.Bethel:--(comes hurriedly in;goes to desk;speaks in an excited and anxious manner)-----

" Well?"--(she looks at Mrs.Smallwood in surprise,who returns the look in kind)--Why,good morning,Mrs.Smallwood,I-I-did'nt know that you had business with Mr.Gully!"

(Door opens)

Mrs.Devine:--(comes hurriedly in;goes to desk;speaks in an excited, weepy,and anxious manner.The other two women look at her in surprise; she has on a thick veil)

" Well?----(she looks at the other two women;raises her veil) Why,good morning,Sister Bethel,and Sister Smallwood:I did'nt know that you had business with Mr.Gully?"

Mrs.Bethel and Mrs.Smallwood:--(in unison)

" Neither did I about you!!"

(All three ladies look at each other curiously,and with suspicion)

Pat Gully:--(waves his hand to three chair near his desk)

" Have seats,ladies,I can talk to you all at once,as well as singly.--(all three take seats;look wonderingly at him,and suspiciously at each other;he takes the three photographs from the desk;shuffles them in his hands,and hands them,one by one,to each lady;then leans back in his chair,looking earnestly at them;they glance at each other;then glance hurriedly,each at the picture given them;hide it behind their hand-bags;look sideways at each other;then at him)

All three woman:--(in unison)

" Well?"

Pat Gully:--(takes another cigar from his pocket;examines it)

" Look again at your pictures,Ladies."

(puts unlighted cigar in his mouth;chews on it;watches them.They

THEORY

The first part of the theory is the basic principles of the theory. The second part is the application of the theory to the practice. The third part is the conclusion of the theory.

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all grab their photographs;look at the picture of the child,holding the photograph out of the view of the others)

All three woman:- (sharply,and in unison)

" Well?"

Pat Gully:- (calmly;cigar on one side of his mouth)

" Look at the bottom of your pictures ,Ladies."

(All three women again grab their photographs;read what is at the bottom; they jump up;crowd to his desk)

Mrs.Smallwood:- (holds out her photograph)

" This isn't the picture I gave you;its the same picture,but its not the one I had!--This one says:-' Little Bennie to his Daddy!!!"
(she looks suspiciously at him;then at Mrs.Bethel)

Mrs.Bethel:- (holds out her photograph)

" This says:-'Little Davie to his Daddy!!!"---(she looks wildly at him;and suspiciously at Mrs.Devine)

Mrs.Devine:- (holds out her photograph)

" And this one says:-' Little Sammie to his Daddy-Big Sammie!!!"
(she looks wildly at him;suspiciously at Mrs.Smallwood)

Pat Gully:- (calmly;cigar in one corner of his mouth;speaks to all three women)

" Its the same picture, isn't it?"

All three women:- (in chorus)

" Yes,but-----?"(they point to the writing at the bottom of each photograph)

Pat Gully:- (laconically)

" Turn em over".

(Each woman flops her photograph over;read what is at the top;look wildly at him;suspiciously,at each other-Mrs.Bethel,at Mrs.Devine;

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Mrs.Smallwood, at Mrs.Bethel; Mrs.Devine at Mrs.Smallwood.)

Mrs.Smallwood:-(holds her photograph out to him)

" This isn't my picture at all!-Look what is on the back:-' His hair is yellow, like his daddy's, from Bettie!!'---and there is a lot of poetry too-(she speaks in great scorn; angrily shakes the photograph)-- This means, that little Sammie isn't little Sammie at all; he is little Bennie!! --And he has yellow hair!!!---and--and--he belongs to your - (she turns angrily to Mrs.Bethel)-blond, brute of a husband, who tried to induce me to divorce my own poor, injured husband!!!--The yellow headed wretch!!!---(she angrily waves the photograph in the air)

Mrs.Bethel:-(holds out her photograph; speaks excitedly)

" This isn't mine either--Listen!--' His hair is black, like yours, from Lizzie'---That proves, that little Bennie is little Davie!-- (she looks condemningly at Mrs.Devine)-'black, like yours!!'---everybody knows that yellow hair can't be mistaken for black hair, but some people-(here she looks contemptuously at Mrs.Smallwood) might call red hair, yellow--(she shakes her head; looks disgusted) and Bessie could easily changed into Bettie, by people who didn't care for forgery!!!--- There's poetry on mine too!-(she looks disgusted)--And you can tell that old hypocrite of a husband of yours-(she turns to Mrs.Devine)- who is always preaching to other people-that he can induce you to adopt this-(she waves the photograph in the face of Mrs.Devine) horrid little Bennie, who has now turned out to be a black haired little Davie!!!

(she looks daggers at the other two women)

Mrs.Devine:-(waves her photograph in the air; gasps; weeps; seems about to have a fit)

" Its not black--its not black--it can't be black!--listen to this:- (she reads from her photograph)- 'His hair is red, like his daddy's.

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from Bessie'---See?--Its not black!-little Davie isn't little Davie either!!---He's turned out to be little Sammie!---He's got red hair!!- If he was a Davie,he'd have to have black hair,but its red,and nobody could ever say that red was black!!!--Could they?-(she asks this of the detective ,as she weeps wildly. They are all excited;he is calmly contemplative of them all)---And this Bessie thing has written poetry to your mean,old husband too,who said that a preacher's family was like an omnibus-always room for one more-(she says this to Mrs.Smallwood) and that I ought not to object another,if it was another little Davie!!! (she boo-hoos)

Pat Gully:-(quietly)

" Ladies,read the verses on the back."

All three women:-(read aloud;in concert)

" Fair Lizzie,gay Bessie,plump Bettie,and Bess,
Went out one fine day to feather their nest;
They each found a man,whose leg they could pull;
Till the whole pile of gold,would fill a jug full.

Using Bennie,and Davie,and Billie,and Sammie;
Each dad was soon made to shell out for his lambie.
With red hair and black,light brown and bright yellow,
Each kidlet was voted 'a fine little fellow!'

These daddies grinned wide,like a fat Chesire cat;
While the three Bs.and Lizzie bought many a hat;
For the sub-rosa gold seemed never to stop,
Though things at three homes buzzed around,like a top.

But matters at last grew so terribly mixed,
That the multiplied dads found themselves in a fix.
Three rampagious wives made their own homes so hot,
That they each felt condemned to a terrible lot!"

All three women:-(in an astonished chorus)

" What is it?"

Pat Gully:-

" A conundrum."

All:-(in chorus)

" What's the answer?"

The Blackmailer.

Mrs.Smallwood:-

" Is it red?"

Mrs.Bethel:-

" Is it yellow?"

Mrs.Devine:- (sobs)

" Is it black?"

Pat Gully:- (chews on his cigar; speaks mysteriously; the three women listen; look excited; stand around his desk; look deeply interested; hold their photographs in their hands)

" Come alone tonight to room twenty one of the St.

Joseph's Hotel.

Be there promptly at eight o'clock---Tell no one-You will then get an answer to the conundrum!"

(He rises as he delivers the above; stands with his hands on his desk, in an impressive attitude.

The three women stand in front of him, with the photographs in their hands; an expression of complete mystification on their faces.

Stage darkened. Lights flashed on their faces before the curtain descends. Their faces express every emotion: wonder, curiosity, mystification, and the most intense interest.

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The Blackmailer.

He looks like some kind of a seer, or a Sherlock Holmes)

Curtain-----

End to Act II.

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Act III.

That Same Night.

Interior of two bed-rooms, side by side, at the St Joseph Hotel.

The Blackmailer.Act III.That night.

Two bed-rooms side by side. Door in wall between, near footlights. Room to right-- has a door to right near footlights; telephone on wall to left of this door; table near centre of room. A dresser, washstand; a bed and a chair about the room.

Room to left---has a door to rear; on rear wall of room, to right of rear door, is a telephone; bed, to rear right of room. On this bed are several elaborate hats; several hat boxes under bed. Dresser against left wall of room near footlights--this dresser is just opposite the door between the two rooms; a table, between the dresser and the door in wall between the two rooms; on the table is a letter and a telegram. A rocker and a straight chair on each side of table. A wash-stand, with bowl and pitcher, and towels, against left wall of room. On dresser, are toilet articles; a hand-bag; a make-up box; comb and brush; powder-box etc. In the top drawer of dresser, are three curly child's wig--red, yellow, and black; a pair of scissors; a roll of adhesive plaster; four large photographs--one of Judge Bethel, one of Doctor Smallwood, one of David Devine; and one of The Kid, like the ones used in the other acts. A set of building blocks; a rocking-horse; and a small wagon are on the floor, in front of the table. Kid's cap, in dresser drawer. Three white suits for The Kid--one trimmed in blue, one in red, and one plain white one--in dresser drawer.

The Kid, seated on floor, playing with the building blocks.

Elizabeth Brown is trying on

a hat in front of the mirror of dresser.

The Kid:- (piling up the blocks in a high pile)

"Say Maw, I'm hungry."

Elizabeth Brown:- (turning to first one side and then the other; looking at herself; speaks absently)

"All right, Kid, in a minute."---(continues to twist about before the mirror; takes off hat; puts it on the bed; gets another one; tries it on before the mirror)

The Kid:- (threateningly)

"I'm hungry, I tell you! If you don't get a move on you-- I'll tell all my daddies on you!"

Elizabeth Brown:- (sharply)

"Then you wouldn't get any more candy and play pretties."

The Kid:- (cunningly)

"And you wouldn't git no more money to buy hats with neither!"

Elizabeth Brown:- (angrily)

"Oh, shut up, you little devil!--You run ~~me~~ crazy!"

The Kid:- (knocks the pile of blocks down; speaks reflectively and philosophically)

"Gittin' mad, don't buy you nothin'-you'd orter do like my preachin' daddy says:- 'Kine words turn away wath, but greasy words stirry up angry!'"

Elizabeth Brown:-

"I'll see that stingy old mut shovelling coal down below, before I listen to any more of his dope." (puts on a street hat from the bed; gets the Kid's cap from the dresser; throws it to him; he

jumps up; puts the cap on; she carefully looks the top drawer of the dresser; puts the key in her hand-bag, which she takes from the dresser; goes to the door between the two rooms; tries the key in the lock, to see that the door is locked; takes a key from her hand-bag; puts it in the door to rear- opens door- child follows her)
The Kid:- (curiously)

"When is my preaching daddy going to Hell, naw?"

(they exit; she locks the door behind them)

At the beginning of the conversation in the room to the left; the door, to right of room to right of stage, opens; and Pat Gully enters. He carries a bundle in his arms. He lays the bundle down on the table; locks the door to right; spreads the contents of the bundle on the table. The contents of bundle are:-a pair of hand-cuffs, several large nails, a lump of putty, a small paint brush, a can of paint- the color of the floor; a large brace & bit, some wire, and a large bundle of door keys. He tiptoes about the room; goes to the door between the two rooms; listens; hears them talking; gets a chair; puts it by the door; sits in the chair; listens; grins as the lock is tried to the door between two rooms. When he hears the outside door to the other room locked; he jumps up; gets the hunc of keys; tries them until he finds one that will fit the lock; he opens the door; walks in; looks around the room; notes the location of each piece of furniture; reads the letters and telegrams on the table; lays them back carefully as they were; hurries back into his room; gets the brace and bit; bores three holes in the door about five feet six inches high; then bores three more about three feet high; carefully scrapes up the saw-dust from the floor; fits putty into the holes; sticks a nail into each piece of putty;

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with the nail projecting into his room; twists the putty around in the holes so that it can easily be removed, by pulling it out by the nail; gets the can of paint, and the brush; paints over the holes, so that they won't show; shuts and locks the door again. In a few minutes Elizabeth and the Kid return. She takes off her hat; begins again to try on the others, that are in the box under the bed.

The Kid:- (tosses his cap on the floor; goes to the rocking-horse; plays with its tail)

"Say Maw, why didn't God make four daddies for that little boy upstairs? He's a good little boy!----(speaks as if a bright thought had suddenly struck him)--I'm goin' to give him one of nine--Say, Maw, I'm goin' to give him my preacher daddy, wouldn't you?--He don't give me any nickles--just old pennies!"--(he speaks in tones of great disgust)

Elizabeth Brown:- (opens her hand-bag; takes out a roll of bills, counts them; speaks disgustedly)

"He's some tight-wad, sure; but you mustn't tell other little boys about your daddies!!---(she speaks very sternly to him)

The Kid:- (gets on his rocking horse)

"Why?"

Elizabeth Brown:- (sharply)

"Because!"

The Kid:- (rocking rapidly on horse)

"Will I be damned, if I do?"

Elizabeth Brown:- (admonishingly)

"Don't talk ugly."

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The Kid:- (still rocking)

"My doctor daddy says that."

Elizabeth Brown:- (puts money back in hand-bag; puts it in the drawer of the dresser; under some things)

"Don't talk so much."

The Kid:- (still rocking)

"I like my yellow headed daddy, he gived me this horse; he talks lots too--Say, Maw, when's my daddy coming back--the one with the big hat--(he jumps off the horse--begins to walk about the room cow-boy like-- grabs one of the big hats on the bed, puts it on on his head; swaggers around the room, spins hat around; throws it on the floor--Elizabeth B. shrieks; grabs up the hat and shakes him)

The Kid:-

"I like my cow-boy daddy the best anyhow. I'm going to tell him on you. I don't have to wear an old wig when he's here."

Elizabeth Brown:- (smoothing out her hat)

"I like him best too, but you must behave yourself."

(when the kid begins to walk around the room like a cow-boy, Pat Gully, in the next room, takes telephone book; looks for number; takes down the receiver from the wall)

Pat Gully:- (in his own natural tone of voice)

"Central, give me Main 7654----(he now changes his tone of voice to imitate Elizabeth Brown's voice)---I want to speak to Judge Bethel, please--- This is Bettie,---I must see you tonight at 8 o'clock---come tonight, instead-----Yes---I'm going away

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tomorrow, if you bring the \$500.00 with you--will you?---All right. (he changes his voice to its natural tone, hangs up the receiver a moment, takes it down again-calls)---"Is this the office? Connect me with telephone to room 23 please. (then he imitates Judge Bethol's voice) Is that you Bettie? "

Elizabeth Brown:- (at phone) This is no-Is that you?"

Pat Gully:- (at phone)

"Yes, I'm coming to see little Bemie and you tonight about 8 o'clock-I've got the money for you."

Elizabeth Brown:- (at phone)

"You have!!----I need it awfully---I'm broke."

Pat Gully:- (at phone)

"All right, I'll fix you up for a while---Goodbye."

(both hang up the receiver of their respective phones)

The Kid:-

"Which daddy was that?" (playing with his blocks)

Elizabeth Brown:-

"Oh, that was your yellow headed daddy . He's coming to see you tonight and you've got to be a good boy." (she then dances around the room as if very much pleased)

Pat Gully:- (in his room, looks in the telephone book; takes down receiver-calls in his natural voice)

"Is this Central?----I want Main 9938---(he mimics Elizabeth Brown's voice) That you doctor?-----This is Bessie--I have decided to go--I've got to have \$300.00 first---I'm bound to have that much or I can't go---Come tonight if you get it---9 o'clock---I'll get off tomorrow sure---you'll get it?--All

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right--(hangs up receiver; takes it down again; calls in his natural voice) Is this the office?---Give me room 25. (Elizabeth Brown's phone rings--she stops dancing, runs to the phone; takes down the receiver; puts it to her ear)

Pat Gully:- (imitating Doctor Smallwood's voice)

"Is that you, Bessie?"

Elizabeth Brown:- (at phone)

"Sure thing!"

Pat Gully:- (at phone)

"I'll be there at 9 o'clock to see my little Sammie and you---I can't come Wednesday---I have that money you want."

Elizabeth Brown:- (delighted)

"That's fine!--you're all right--I'm broke--- I need it sure---little Sammie broke the looking glass to the dresser in my room---had to pay for it before they would give me a new dresser."

The Kid:- (jumps up from the floor)

"Hew, that's a big lie."

Pat Gully:- (at phone)

"He's a dandy!"

Elizabeth Brown:- (at phone; speaks in tones of admiration)

"He's just like you---hair and all!"

Pat Gully:- (at phone makes a grimace; puts his hand over the mouth piece)

"I'm a dandy--never even saw he. (takes his hand away)

Is mine that red?"

Elizabeth Brown:- (at phone)

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"No, not red-auburn- I love auburn hair like yours and Sammie's!"

The Kid:-

"Haw, that's another big story-you said red was the devil's own color."

Pat Gully:- (at phone)

"Well, I'll see you and Sammie at 9 tonight--So Long."
(Both hang up their receivers; Elizabeth dances the turkey trot; turns on the lights-looks at her watch-jumps-goes to the dresser-jerks open top drawer--takes out a yellow curly wig--and a white suit trimmed in blue--grabs the child up from the floor-- and begins to undress him hurriedly--he howls when he sees the wig)
Pat Gully:- (looks in the telephone book- takes down receiver-calls in his natural voice)

"Give me, Central--Central--Give me Cliff #1346 (then in a tone of voice as if he were long distance--Long Distance wants Mr. Devine (then imitating Elizabeth Brown's voice) That you-I had to tell her I was long distance--I'm going to take your advice and leave--I think so too--I've got to have \$100.00 before I get off--I know all about that--(speaks hatefully) Bring the heathen money like you did before--you don't want me to go to the Bishop, do you?- Come after prayer meeting-- Not before 10 o'clock--that suits me- 10 o'clock." (while the above was going on Elizabeth was dressing the kid)

The Kid:- (jerking away)

"I won't put on them old hot curls--I don't want to see that ugly old daddy." (howls)

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Elizabeth Brown:- (washes the kid's face--jerks off his suit-clips on clean white suit trimmed in blue)

"Now, be a good boy, and I'll take you to the moving pictures."

The Kid:- (beligerantly)

"But I won't put on them old curls." (he points to the wig)

Elizabeth Brown:-

"Your daddy won't give you any money, if you don't look nice."

(telephone rings; she stops fixing child, takes down the receiver-Hello!

Pat Gully:- (imitating the preacher)

"That Lizzie?"

Elizabeth Brown:- (at Phone)

"Yes--Where are you?--At home--(while this is going on the kid puts the wig on the rocking horse's head fastening it on with strips of adhesive plaster)

Pat Gully:- (at Phone)

"No, I'm on my way to prayer meeting, but I'm coming to see little Davie and you after its over."

Elizabeth Brown:-

"He's been crying all day to see you--I'm afraid he is going to be sick again--he may have to have a doctor--What time will you get here?"

The Kid:- (Disgustedly)

"Maw, I never has been sick and you know it."

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Pat Gully:- (at phone)

"Not until about 10 o'clock--I have made great sacrifices, and have secured that money for you--but it's raining no."

Elizabeth Brown:- (consolingly)

"Maybe you will get a good collection next Sunday."

Pat Gully:- (at phone)

"Maybe so-for the orphans."

Elizabeth Brown:- (at phone)

"Good-bye, until you get here--don't forget that money."

(sharply-both hang up their receivers; she rushes to the kid; erks the wig from off the head of the rocking horse; rushes to the dresser; takes scissors cuts some more slips of adhesive plaster; sticks to the wig; so that it will stick to the child's head; jerks the child to the dresser; puts the wig carefully on his head, sticking the plaster to his forehead, so that it will not show, then pulling the curls down over where the plaster is; he wiggles all the time while she is doing this, Pat Gully takes down his receiver; calls)

Pat Gully:-

"Central?---I want long distance, please---This long Distance?---Got Ft. Worth on the wire---Bill McManus---At the Westbrook Hotel--Yes, The Westbrook---This is Room 21 at the St. Josephs' Hotel--Just call up room 21, it will be paid for at the office, and charged to my account.---(he hangs up the receiver, for a moment; then takes it down again)---This the office? This is Gully, in Room 21---I've put in a call to Ft. Worth, for a fellow named McManus---O.K. the call please. (he hangs up the receiver;

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looks at his watch; walks around the room; soon his telephone rings. While he is waiting for his call, Elizabeth and The Kid talk)

The Kid:- (dolefully, as she ties his blue tie)

"Do all little boys have lots of daddies, and have to wear those hateful old wigs---I'm going to pull it off"---(he starts to do so)

Elizabeth Brown:- (sternly)

"If you say anything about that wig to your daddy, when he comes I'll bett you for a week, and never let you have any more ice-cream. Don't talk about the other daddies either---If you do he won't give you any more nickles to buy candy with." (he looks impressed)

(telephone in Gully's room rings; he goes to it; takes down the receiver) (While he is talking over the long distance to McMannus in Ft. Worth, Elizabeth Brown takes a large photograph of Judge Bethel, and places it in a prominent place on the dresser by the side of the one of the kid)

Pat Gully:- (in his own tones of voice)

"Yes--Yes--Yes--(his voice now changes to that of Elizabeth Brown)---That you, Mr. McMannus?--This is Boss--He's well---Talks about you all the time--ay, can't you run over to-night on the Interurban?-- You can get back in time tomorrow for the opening of the convention---we'll go back with you--all right--I'll wait up--ten, thirty--no that's not too late---all right." (he hangs up the receiver; knock at his door; he opens it) "Come in, ladies". (Mrs. Bethel, Mrs. Smallwood and Mrs. Devine all file in, with their pictures in their hands each seemingly trying to convince the

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other woman that the photograph is of a child that belongs to the husband of the other woman; Mrs. Bethel, that he belongs to Devine, Mrs. Smallwood, that he belongs to Judge Bethel; Mrs. Devine, that he belongs to Dr. Smallwood. All look suspiciously, and angrily at each other. Gully shuts the door after them)

Gully:- (to them all)

"Ladies, you have promised to do as I say for this evening. Please keep calm, no matter what you hear, or see-(he looks at his watch)- in side of three hours, you will know all that there is to know; all that I know and all that lies hidden behind that door- Bessie is there, Bettie is there and Lizzie is there; so is Bennie, Sammie and Davie-(he points to the door between the two rooms; the three women crowd to the door; he enjoins silence, with his finger to his lips; points to the six nails sticking from the door; mentions each women to a nail; they look curiously at the nails; touch the putty in the holes; begin to twist the putty around, as he turns off the light in his room; he puts an unlighted cigar in his mouth; chews on it; the three women pull out the round piece of putty by the nails; glue their eyes to the holes; they see Elizabeth primping at the mirror; the detective stands near Mrs. Bethel; he also twists out the putty; the three women see the large photograph of Judge Bethel on the dresser; Mrs. Bethel begins to faint; drops her photograph on the floor; he holds her up; takes a bottle from his pocket; holds it to her nose; she revives; the other two women, whisper together; show Mrs. Bethel the two photographs in their hands and point to the nose; the door to the rear

The Blackmailer.

of Elizabeth's room opens--Judge Bethel enters; he has a package in his arms)

The Kid:- (runs to him)

"Hello! Daddy, what you got for me this time?" (Judge Bethel gives the child the package, who opens it. There is a train of toy cars; a set of child's harness and a box of candy in it. The child dances around in delight; opens the box of candy; plays with the train of cars; eats the candy-jumps about the room, plays with the harness)

Elizabeth Brown:-

"You always spoil him so!"

Judge Bethel:- (indulgently)

"He is all I have."

(In the other room, the three women look excitedly through the three holes in the door; Mrs. Smallwood and Mrs. Devine whisper together; point at the pictures in their hands; then to the room through the door; showing that they feel sure that the child belongs to Judge Bethel, and that their husbands are in the clear; they show their delight; Mrs. Bethel shows anger, excitement and great interest; the Detective chews on ~~the~~ his cigar)

Elizabeth Brown:- (goes up to Judge Bethel; places her hand familiarly on his arm)

"Did you bring me the money?--I haven't a cent left!"

Judge Bethel:- (takes out his pocket book, counts out a lot of bills, hands them to her)

"Here it is--five hundred dollars."

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(Mrs. Bethel seems to have some kind of a fit in the next room; so do the other two women--they look at Mrs. Bethel as if she had committed a crime herself)

Elizabeth Brown:- (takes the money; showing great surprise, and delight, as she counts the money; then turns in astonishment to him)

"Five hundred dollars!!" (she puts the money in the top drawer of her dresser)

Judge Bethel:- (sullenly)

"Yes, I managed to get it!--and I'm glad you've at last decided to leave here."

Elizabeth Brown:- (shrilly)

"To leave here!!"

The Kid:- (pulling at his wig)

"Maw, take these curls off; they hurt me!"

Elizabeth Brown:- (rushes to him; shakes him; pats the curls in place)

"Bennie, don't muss up your hair that way!"

Judge Bethel:- (takes the child on his knee)

"Come here, son, tell daddy what's the matter."

(The women in the next room have a few more fits; the Detective chews on his cigar, and listens)

Elizabeth Brown:- (hastily says)

"Get your daddy to play horse with you."

The Kid:- (jumps down from the Judge's knee)

"Come on, Daddy, let me rid you again!"

(The Judge gets down on his knees, the kid and Bettie put the harness on; the kid gets astride of his back, and rides; the Judge

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goes around on all fours on the floor, with the harness around his neck; the kid yelling)

The kid:-

"Git up, Dad!--Git a move on yer, Morsie!---whoa!Munie!--"

(The women in the next room have some more fits; the detective applies the smelling salts again to Mrs. Bethel's nose; Elizabeth looks at them as if amused)

Elizabeth Brown:-

"That will do-let your daddy got up now."(she looks at her watch; the Judge gets up from the floor; holds the boy up in the air)

The Kid:- (delightedly)

"Daddy, you sure make a fine donkey."

Elizabeth Brown:- (looks at her watch---the Judge looks at his; starts to go)

"Tell your daddy good-night-he's got to go now- and you have got to go to bed."

(Judge Bethel kisses the kid; and gets his hat to leave)

Elizabeth Brown:- (goes up to the Judge; kisses him)

"I'll let you know when I need more money."

The Kid:-

"Daddy, I want some money-my other daddy gives me some."

Elizabeth Brown:- (puts her hand over the child's mouth)

"He calls the bell-boy daddy, because hs has yellow hair too."

Judge Bethel:- (laughs; reaches in his pocket; gets some loose coins; gives to the child)

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"Well, good-bye, young man--(speaks to the woman)-Let me hear from you about him."---(he exits, door to rear)

(During this scene, Mrs. Bethel in the room to the right shows all the evidence of an angry excited woman; the Detective keeps her from leaving the room; the other two women, whisper together; point to their pictures and to the next room, as if they were now sure that the child belonged to Judge Bethel, and they go to Mrs. Bethel show her the pictures, and motion to the next room as if now the matter were settled. When the door closes on Judge Bethel; Elizabeth Brown grabs the child; jerks off the yellow wig; the child screams; all three women return to the holes in the door; Elizabeth tosses the yellow wig into the top drawer of dresser; takes out the red wig; sticks it to the child's head as she had the blond one; the child squirms about and resists; the three women in the next room show all evidence of intense and breathless interest)

The Kid:- (wiggling about)

"You hurt me-I'm going to tell my other daddy when he gets here!-the one with hair like these old curls!!"-(jerks angrily at the wig)

Elizabeth Brown:- (earnestly, as she pats the wig over his forehead)

"Now be a good boy, Sammie, and your other daddy will bring you something nice--and--and--give you some nicies!!"

(she takes off his suit, trimmed with blue-puts on another trimmed which she gets from the dresser. with red; takes the picture of Judge Bethel from off the dresser; tosses it in the top drawer of the dresser; takes the one of Dr. Smallwood out; puts it in the place of the one of Bethel---as she does this Mrs. Smallwood seems to be the one in the next room to have the fit-The Detective gives the smelling salts to her; the other

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two women whisper together, the rear door opens and Dr. Smallwood walks jauntily in. He has a bundle in his arms)

The Kid:- (runs to him)

"Hello, Daddy!--Look what my other Daddy brought me!--

(he points to the other presents)--what you got me?"

Elizabeth Brown:- (hurries to the child-puts her hand over his mouth)

"He calls the bell-boy 'daddy' too because--because- he has auburn hair---and gives him things to play with."--(she kicks the things that Judge Bethel has brought under the bed)-

Dr. Smallwood:- (opens his bundle; the child looking on with great interest; he gives the child some toys, a knife and a lot of marbles. The child seems delighted; jumps about the room, takes the knife; holds it toward the doctor)

"Here, Kid, how do you like these?"

The Kid:- (holds the knife to the doctor)

"Open it; I'm going to cut off this darned old hair!" - (he starts to jerk at his hair)

Elizabeth Brown:- (jumps toward the child)

"Don't cut your pretty hair."-(she takes hold of him; takes the knife from him; shakes him a little; looks threateningly at him)

The Kid:- (howls)

"Taint pretty!----You said that this old daddy(points to the doctor)-had hair like-----."

Elizabeth Brown:- (catches him, shakes him a bit)

"Look at those pretty marbles!!"-(she shows the child the marbles; he takes them; looks at them)

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Dr. Smallwood:- (dryly)

"Well, he's frank, to say the least. Well here is that money."-(he takes out his purs ; takes out a number of bills; counts them out; hands them to her; she eagerly grabs them; looks them over; seems very much astonished)

Elizabeth Brown:-

" Three hundred dollars!!!"

Dr. Smallwood:- (surlily)

"Yes, but I had a Devil of a time to get it!--I'm glad you have at least decided to leave---It's entirely too dangerous for you and the child too, to remain here--my wife's moving Heaven and Earth now to find where you are and if it wasn't that I'm too smart for her; she would be in this hotel now."---(Mrs. Smallwood tries to get ~~through~~ the small hole through which she is looking at them; the Detective holds her quiet; the other two women catch her by the arms also, and implore her to be quiet)

Elizabeth Brown:- (takes the money; puts it in the top drawer of the bureau; shuts the drawer)

"What about my leaving?"

Dr. Smallwood:- (astonished)

"You said-----."

The Kid:- (showing him the nickles)

"Say Daddy, are you going to give me any nickles too?--My other-----." (Doctor Smallwood looks mystified)

Elizabeth Brown:- (catches the boy- muzzles his mouth)

"Don't you want to--- play with your marbles---just look at them!"

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The Kid:- (crawls under the bed; gets the harness-crawls out)

"No--I want this daddy to be my donkey too; like my other dad--"

(Elizabeth catches him; muzzles him)

Dr. Smallwood:- (looks puzzled)

"What the Devil, does he mean?"

The Kid:- (squirming out of her arms; runs to the doctor; holds out the harness)---"Play donkey!---Play Donkey!!---(the doctor lets the child harness him up; then runs around the room for the child)

Elizabeth Brown:- (gets very nervous; looks at her watch)

"Sammie, you will have to tell your daddy good-night--You must go to bed."-(The doctor also looks at his watch)

Dr. Smallwood:- (

"By George, it's almost ten o'clock - I must go."

(he kisses the child; the woman hurriedly kisses the doctor; Mrs. Smallwood seems to have a fit in the other room; the other two women look at each other and giggle, the Detective chews on his cigar, and holds Mrs. Smallwood back from breaking the door down)--Well, Bessie, I'll tell you good-bye now--Take good care of Sammie." (he exits rear door; Elizabeth jerks the child; snatches off his red wig; the child howls again; she tosses the wig in the top drawer of the dresser; jerks out the black wig; puts it on the head of the child; fixes it down as she did the other ones; gets a plain white suit from the dresser drawer; puts it on the child; takes the photograph of the doctor, tosses it in the drawer; gets the one of the preacher; puts that on the dresser by the one of the child; the rear door opens, and the Rev. Devine walks in on his tip toes; looking around as if he was afraid

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of his shadow; he has a Bible in his hands and looks very devout.

The women in the other room are very much excited- Mrs. Devine weeps, and gasps; the other two women whisper together, etc.)

The Kid:- (runs to the preacher; takes hold of his long coat tail)

"Daddy, what did you bring me?---my other---(Elizabeth stops his mouth, with her hand)

Preacher Devine:- (puts his hand in the tail pocket of his long coat; gets out a very small apple; hands to the child, who throws it under the bed, and turns away in disgust; the preacher speaks admonishingly)

"Don't you like apples?2---(then he turns to Elizabeth, takes out his purse; hands her a rollof bills, she takes them; looks at them; then she gasps out delightedly)

Elizabeth Brown:-

"You got \$100.00!"

Devine:- (adjectedly)

"Yes, but I had to take the Heathen money again."(she puts the roll of bills in her bureau, drawer; the child stands and looks at the preacher contemplatively)

The Kid:- (pulling at the preacher's coat again)

"Daddy, give me some Hoaven money too."(the preacher sighs, puts his hands in his pocket; gets a cent; hands to the child)

Devine:-

"Here is a nice penny for you- you can put it in the Sunday school.--(Mrs. Devine weeps in the next room; the other women look at their pictures and whisper together; preacher speaks despond-

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ntly to the woman)-Lizzie, this is a terrible situation for me;
if the Bishop learns of it he would surely have me up before the
Church---I am truly thankful that-".

The Kid:- (holds out his penny)

"I don't want one cent money-I want er nickle. Give this
to the hevens!"--All my other dad---."

Elizabeth Brown:- (looks desperate, puts her hand over his mouth)

"Don't he look like you?"

(The Kid howls; his mouth open; Preacher looks at him in fear and
astonishment. Elizabeth picks the child up; puts him on the preacher's
lap; the kid claws at his face)

Devine:- (shakes the kid)

"Why, you are a very bad boy!!!--"

The Kid:- (squirms away; jumps from the preacher's lap)

"And, you are the baddest daddy I've got!--Maw says-
(defiantly)-you're-you're a sanctum old hypopot!"

Elizabeth Brown:-

"Why, Davie, you must'nt be so bad!"

The Kid:- (points at the preacher)

"He's bad-I'm going to tell my cow-boy dad on him!"

Devine:- (astonished)

"Cow-boy dad!"

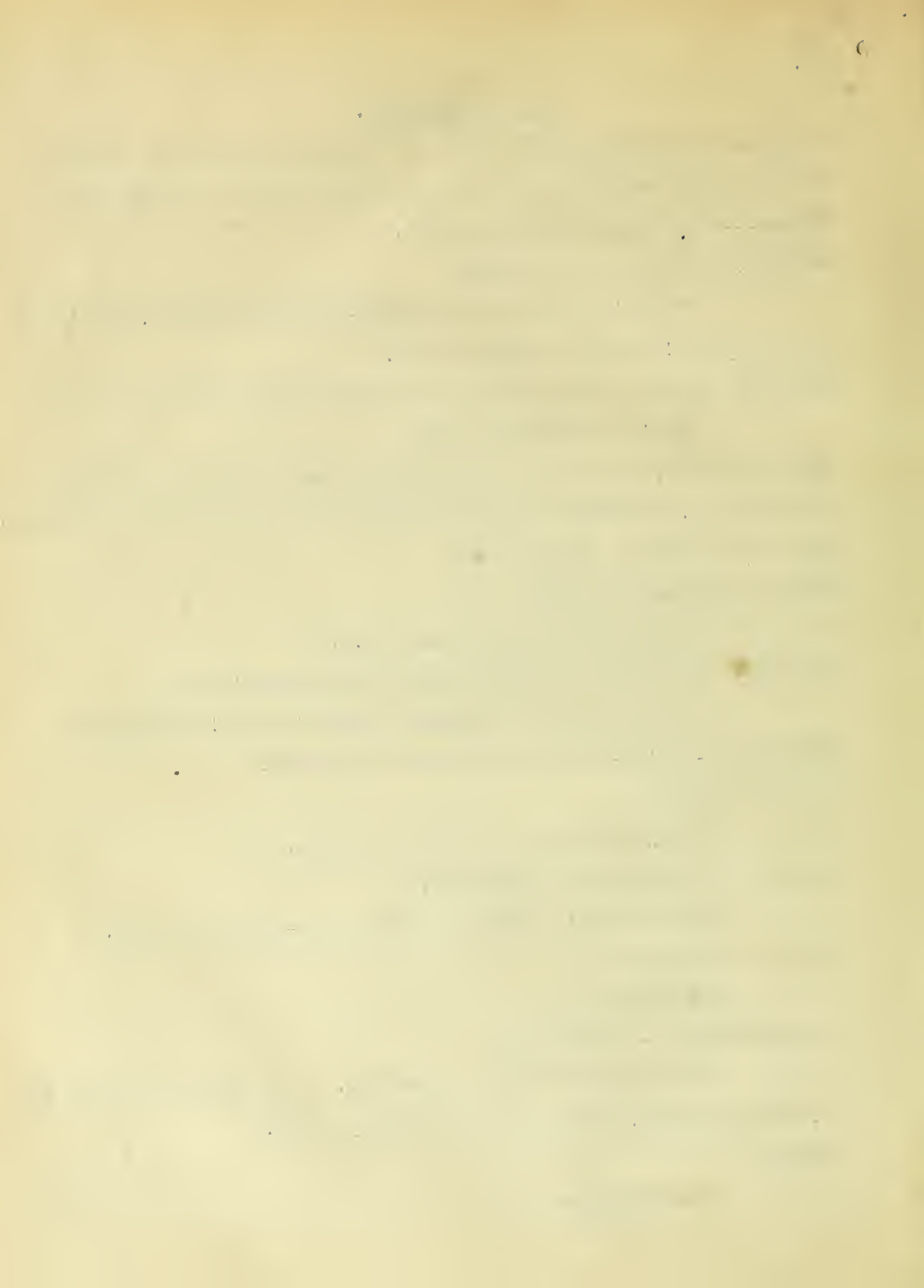
Elizabeth Brown:- (nervously)

"He calls the hotel clerk that." (she looks at her watch)

My, its ten forty! I've got to put Davie to bed."

Devine:-

"Ten Forty?--"



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(he jumps up; grabs his hat)----I must go! Prayer meeting has been over an hour!"

Elizabeth Brown:- (goes up to him puts her arms around his neck, kisses him)

Devine:- (rolls up his eyes:-plants a pious kis on her forehead)

"Good night, God bless you." (exits)

The Kid:- (as preacher goes out the door calls out)

"Good-bye, old Hypo!"

(Elizabeth Brown dances the Highland fling; grabs the kid; jerks off wig; rushes to dresser, hides the picture of the preacher and wig in the dresser drawer. While this scene is going on, Mrs. Devine throws her arms to Heaven; faints in the Detective's arms, who applies the smelling salts. The other two women look at each other; look through the holes in the door; jumps up and down, show surprise mingled with delight that the Preacher is caught also. Elizabeth Brown begins to prepare the kid for bed and straightens up her room)

Pat Gully:- (earnestly)

"Now, ladies, you've seen what you've seen--keep quiet for a few minutes, and I'll bring this to a focus. (The three women look breathlessly at him; Pat Gully goes to the phone, rings) Central, give me Main 8482 -Hello, is that Judge Bethel?---This is Mr. Rusk- Come quick to the St. Joseph's Hotel-Room 21, Mrs. Bethel has been terribly injured---Come quick! (he puts up the receiver a moment; takes down again) Central, give me Cliff 6782,---That Dr. Smallwood?--This is Dr. Knight--Mrs. Smallwood is hurt badly--Yes--very bad--at room 21, St. Josephs Hotel---Hurry! (hangs up receiver; grins; takes down receiver) This Central--Give me Cliff 1546.

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Is that Mr. Devine?---This is Brother Smith---Sister Devine has had a heart attack-fell on the street-at St. Joseph's Hotel. Yes--Room 21---Dr. Rusk is with her---Yes---Yes---come quick!(he hangs up receiver; takes out a cigar; puts in his mouth unlighted; turns facing the women, who stand gazing at him in utter wonderment, speaks calmly) Now, ladies, keep your heads cool." (a knock at Elizabeth Brown's door; the three women and the Detective run and glue their eyes to the holes in the door)

Elizabeth Brown:- (opens the door; Bill McMannus steps in; she looks astonished and surprised)

"Why, Mr. McMannus, where did you come from?--I am so glad to see you!" (they shake hands; the kid runs to him)

The Kid:-

"My Daddy!--My Daddy!" (he takes the kid in his arms; hugs him; kisses him)

McMannus:-

"My Boy--Daddie's Boy!--My, hasn't he grown?" (turns to Elizabeth Brown)--Hasn't you looking for me?---I told you I'd come!" (while this is going on in room 23; the three husbands - Bethel, Smallwood, and Devine---one after the other-rush into Room 21, greatly excited. The three women leave the door between the rooms; rush towards their respective husbands)

Mrs. Smallwood:- (grabs Dr. Smallwood by the ear)

"You wretch!--(leads him to the door between rooms; jabs his face to one of the holes; stands behind him; one hand on each ear)---Look!!!---there's your Bessie and Little Sammie!!!"

Mrs. Bethel:-

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"You villian!" (grabs Judge Bethel by the ear; leads him to the door; pushes his face to one of the holes)---See!!!---
There's your Bettie and Little Bonnie!"

Mrs. Devine:- (Weepingly)

"You old hypocrite!(grabs Devine by the whiskers; leads him to the door; jabs his face to one of the holes) Look in there!
There's your darling Lizzie, and your little Davie!!"

(while the three women are holding their husband's eyes to the holes in the door; pounding them on the back; shaking them; Gully is walking around the room- a cigar in his mouth; a smile on his face; adjusting the pair of hand-cuffs)

McMannus:- (holding the kid in his lap; takes a toy from his pocket; hands to the kid; bounces him up and down on his knee; child shows delight)

The Kid:-

"Daddy, I hate all my other daddies!"

McMannus:-

"What other daddies, son?"

Elizabeth Brown:- (stands back of McMannus' chair; shows great agitation)

"He calls the bell boy, the hotel clerk and the porter,
"Daddy! -- Don't you Billy?" (she nods for him to answer yes)

The Kid:- (looks earnestly into McMannus's face)

"That's a lie, Daddy!--There was three old daddies here tonight, old red headed daddy, old yellow headed daddy, and that old Black headed hypopot daddy, that don't give me nothing but red apples!"

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McMannus:- (wheels in his chair)

"Miss Brown, what does this mean?"-----

(At that point Pat Gully pushes the men and women from the door; inserts the key; jerks the door open)

Pat Gully:-

"I will answer that, Mr. McMannus, This woman is a blackmailer! Has been using your child to carry out her hellish purposes!"

McMannus:- (jumps up excitedly; puts his hand on his gun in his hip pocket)

"What in the Hell do you mean!--Who in the Devil are you?"

Pat Gully:-

"Keep quiet, Mr. McMannus, I am Pat Gully, the detective; you shall have a full explanation."

McMannus:-

"Explain yourself, damn quick!!" (he trembles with rage; his eyes flash vengeance. While this conversation is going on, the three wives, with the three husbands, have crowded into the room, the men with a hang-dog look on their faces, and in their manner; while the three women gather around Elizabeth Brown, like a bunch of mad hens, She backs off into the corner greatly ~~Scared~~ frightened)

Pat Gully:- (pointing his finger at Elizabeth Brown)

"This woman is an adventuress--you believed her a good woman--you gave her the care of your child--She has deceived you--she has claimed the child as her own--made these three gentlemen believe they were it's daddy--has been extorting money from them for years--has taught the child to call her "Maw", and these three men

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"daddy"-(here he opens the drawer of the dresser; takes out the three wigs; holds them up) with these she has been able to convince each of these gentlemen that he was it's daddy. (he turns to the three men)--Gentlemen, is not this true?"---(they all make a deep, and solemn salaam)

The Kid:-

"Yes, Daddy, all three of them were here tonight, and I had to wear them old wigs-I hate em!-"

McMannus:- (turns savagely to Elizabeth Brown)

"Is this true?" (Elizabeth Brown, crouches guiltily in the corner)

McMannus:-

"Damn you!- You don't deny it!-(takes his child in his arms; hugs him to his breast)- My poor boy!-(holding the child in his left arm; he points at Elizabeth Brown with his right)- Would to God that you were a man!- Your life would pay for this!--I trusted you with my dead wife's child!-Paid you well to care for him, and this is what I get!" (exits with child in his arms)

Mr. Smallwood:-

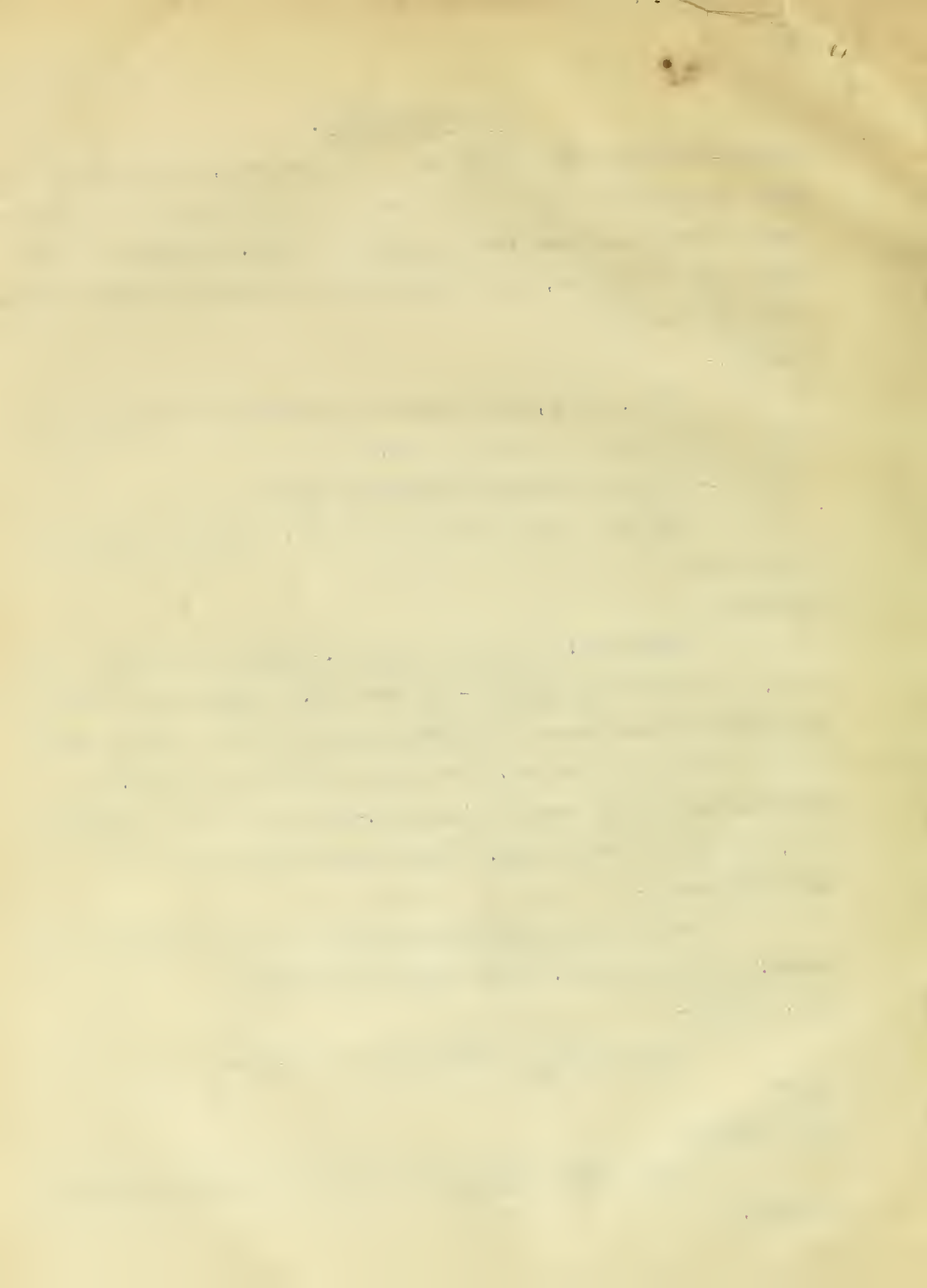
"And you got three hundred dollars out of my husband to-night!- Hand that over!"-(she holds out her hand)

Mrs. Bethel:-

"You got five hundred out of mine-I saw him pay it to you!"

Mrs. Devine:-

"And a whole hundred- (in awed and horrified tones)-out of mine."



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Pat Gully:- (takes the hand-cuffs from his pocket; advances to Elizabeth Brown)

"Miss Brown, I'm sorry, but I will have to ask you to wear these bracelets---(he hand-cuffs her)- Now where is that money?"

Elizabeth Brown:- (sullenly points to the dresser drawer)

"In that drawer."

Pat Gully:- (goes to drawer, takes out three rolls of money; hands roll to each lady)

"Ladies, here's hot money for some time to come. The riddle is solved.

For the real dad of Billie came out of the west,
Made the bogus dads see their own wives were the best.
And that Bessie, and Nettie, and Lizzie so fair,
Was a most wicked woman that lied about hair."

Mrs. Smallwood:- (takes Dr. Smallwood by ~~the~~ his ear)

"But you thought he was yours!"

Mrs. Bethel:- (takes Judge Bethel by his ear)

"You believed he was yours!"

Mrs. Devine:- (takes Devine by his whiskers)

"And you knew he was yours!"

(Detective in charge of Elizabeth Brown follows)

Curtain.

END.

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